

° *More Haste, than good Speed;*

OR, *W. 1659*

The *Devil's* got a Horse-back :

BEING

A Winding-Sheet.

FOR

*Weather-Cocks, and the Turn-Coats*  
of the *Times*.

With the *Tryal* of the Lord *Kill-*

*Devil, the Lord Never-be good, Sir William Slash, the Lady Hoy-*  
*den, Mrs. Tittle-Tattle, Mrs. Bridget Boldface, Mrs. Anne*  
*Ever-croft, Mrs. Rachel Rattle-booby, Deputy Tell-*  
*Money, and Money-bag the Usurer.*

With divers others; And the Ar-  
raignment and Conviction of several Malefactors.

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L O N D O N :

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Gift of  
Prof. G. L. Kittredge

*More Haste, than Good Speed;*

O R,

The Devil's got a Horse-back :

BEING

*A Winding-Sheet for Weather-cocks,  
and the Turn-Coats of the  
Times.*

**H**E that says by the Compass of a Conscience, not toucht by a good Spirit, will undoubtedly erre in steering his course out of this Transitory Orb, and split his Soul on the Rock of aspiring Honour : Better is it therefore to frame and fashion his life, according to an exact and perfect *Idea* of Virtue, than (like the Ape) attire himself by the false Glasses of others Examples, as too many do in these Rolling Times ; witness *Madam Spot*, and *Mrs. Paint*, the *Lord Gallant*, and *Mrs. Hopabout*, *Sir William Spruce*, and *Mrs. Flash*. These are them that drink down golden Bolls of Nectar at costly Banquets, whilest many poor Souls lie starving in the Streets. These are such who cloath themselves in silk and Sattin, and golden cloth of Tissue, and often ride on poor mens backs, as well as in their golden Coaches. Let such know, that when all is done, the Bell must toll, and they must dance to Death's pipe, who are now singing like so many Nightingales, their new charming Tunes, and Syrian Songs ; and with the Rich man desire to live forever : Who abounding in wealth every day living in riot, and following his own delight and pleasure, that he became so careless of Religion, Christian piety, and eternal salvation, that he did not stick to say, if he might always live so here upon Earth, he would never envy God in the fruition of Heaven. Shortly after (before he was aware) he died. After his death, every day in the Evening such strange Apparitions were seen in his stately houses, that every body left them, and no body durst in-

habit them. This rich Epicure appeared with his guests in the Dining Room, which he had divided for his Delicacies and Dainties: that servants stood by giving attendance with Lights in their hands, setting on golden Cups and Vessels upon the Table, and filling it with most gallant Dishes: the Fiddlers moreover, and Musicians were standing by, & no gallantry was wanting that this rich man usually enjoyed, when he was alive. By Gods permission, and the operation of the Devil, these spectrals were obvious to the eyes of men, that others might be terrified from that horrid impiety and ungodliness of the *Epicureans*.

Consider therefore O ye sinful fading flowers of *England*. That as on thee: shall wind you up at your Death, so let this be your Winding-sheet till you die, That great will be your gain, if you hearken to the silver voyce of the Turtle Dove and Gospel-Harmony in time: for the groans & sighs of dying Lords and Ladies, as well as Back-sliders from the Truth, are many times very sad and dolorous; but the great sighs and tears of a damned Creature, can never be imagined. The licentious living of many Weathercocks in *England* (who they may be justly termed) running out of one Dispensation into another, denying the true Church, and holding a Detestation of the Ministry, & at last falling off from something are extinguish'd into Nothing, which hath caused the Devil to take footing, & to walk step by step amongst them: To demonstrate which, appears by the Satirical Discourses of several Quakers in several parts; especially in the West of *England*, where many practise sundry abominable Diabolical Sorceries and Witchcrafts: amongst the rest, a poor Maid in *Dorsetshire* being ensnared by them, the Devil became prevalent, and made a Contract with her, shewing her variety of stately Riches and Treasure, and promising her, if she would lye with him, the choice of all, or any thing the world could afford. While she assenting to, and afterwards imparting the same to a Minister, the Devil told her he would torment her, and the next morning her skin was full of black and blew pimples, being exceedingly full of anguish: insomuch, that some godly Ministers frequenting her, one of them took her by the hand, at which time the Devil held her by the other, as she said, but invisible to this worthy Divine, although visible to the poor possessed Soul; who its hoped, may be brought off, from her deplorable state and condition, all possible means being used by several Learned Divines.



To this we shall add the Diabolical practises of some others about *Wrexham* in *Northwales*, who endeavouring to draw off some people to their wicked phantasies, the Devil appeared in the shape of a tall black Gentleman, who calling to one *Peter Ramsey* (a constant hearer of the Word) shewed him through a Crystal, abundance of Riches & Treasure, and told him, if he would go along with him, he should not want for any thing. No, said *Peter*, If thou want Company, go to Hell; for I have a better Master: the Treasures of the Word of God, doth far exceed the Riches of the World.

Whereupon the Devil being mounted a Cock-horse, seem'd to set spurs to his horse; but making more hate, than good speed, down he came, and so vanished away in the shape of a black Dog, with long Ears hanging a lmbt down to the ground.

Not long after, the Devil again appeared in the shape of a young Gentlewoman with two Maids attending her; but *Peter*, being well armed against the snares of the Devil, he said, Depart, O ye wicked Carist, you shall have nothing to do with me nor mine, we are Baptized and Redeemed by the precious Blood of Christ, and He will defend us against your Diabolical Machinations. At these words, the Devillish Impostors vanished; leaving behind them, a most noisome stink, and the dead bodies of three Apostates.

But in a small Intervall of time, it so fell out, that a certain number of Impostors going towards *Ragnah*, they met with two ignorant souls, whom they desired to go to drink, which they did; but no sooner had one of them quaff down a boll of Ale, (the Devil going down his Throat like a Fly) but immediately he fell a skreeking, yelling, and roaring, in such a hideous manner, that the Dogs began to bark, & the Cattle to run, to the great astonishment of all that heard the same.

Many such like Instances, we might here insert; but to amplify the precedent Lines, be pleased to take a Review of the ensuing Examples of Apparitions and Satanical Delusions, viz.

*Mr. White* of *Dorchester*, being a Member of the Assembly of Divines, was appointed Minister of *Lambeth*; but for the present could yet no convenient house to live in, but one that was possessed by the Devil.

This

This he took, and not long after, his maid sitting up late, the Devil appeared to her, whereupon, in a great fright, she ran up to tell her Master; He bid her get to bed, saying, She was well served for sitting up so late: Presently after, the Devil appeared to Mr. *White* himself standing at his beds feet: To whom Mr. *White* said, *If thou hast nothing else to do, thou maist stand there still; And I will betake my self to my rest:* And accordingly composing himself to sleep, the Devil vanished.

Not long since at *Stetin*, an University in *Pomerania*, there was a young Student, that upon some discontent gave himself to the Devil, and made a Bond upon the Contract; which, that it might not come to the Knowledge of any, he laid up in one of his Books. But it pleased God, some time after, that another Student wanting that book upon some occasion, knew not where to get it; at last he remembered that such an one had it, whereupon he went to him, and borrowed it of him, the young man having forgotten that he had put this Bond into it. The other, when he came home, began to turn over the book, and there met with the Bond, and reading of it, was much affrighted, and not knowing what to do, he went to Dr. *Cramerus*, a Professour of Divinity in that University, to ask his advice, who wished him to keep the Bond: the other replied that he durst not: Then said the Dr. bring it to me, and I will keep it. Some few nights after, as the Dr. was in his study, the Devil came rapping at his study-door, saying, *Cramer, Cramer, give me my Bond, for it belongs to me, and thou hast nothing to do with it.* To whom the Dr. answered, Satan, Satan, thou shalt not have the Bond, thou hast nothing to do with it; I have put it where thou canst not fetch it, for it is in my Bible, at the third Chapter of *Genesis*, where these words are, *The Seed of the Woman shall break the Serpent's head:* upon this the Devil (taking his Chamber-window with him) went his way.

*Crescentius*, the Pope's Legate at the Council of *Trent* as he was upon a time writing Letters, till mid-night, to the Pope; being about to rise to refresh himself, there came in a great black Dogg, with flaming Eyes, and Ears hanging almost to the ground, which came to the Table where he sat, and then vanished: The Cardinal affrighted called in his Servants, caused them to look about the Chamber for the Dog, and when they could not find him he immediately fell sick, and in his sicknesse was alwaies calling upon those about him, to drive away the Dog that leapt upon his bed, and so continued till he dyed.

Thus

Thus may you see, the product of *Diabolical Delusions*, and the sad Contingencies depending upon *Apostates*; Let no one therefore backslide or swerve from the ways of Truth; nor with the Lord *Never-be-good* say, Methinks I could level a Promontorie into a Province, & tread the Centre through; to read the *Delinies* of *Southern Stars*: O! I could ligh my body into Air; and weep into a Lake; that the influence of Nature hath not gave me a substance intab'e; to ascend the highest pinnacle of honour: O sad Destiny! what shall I do? I had rather catch out frozen Climats, and lie whole Nigats on hills of Ice, than live to sleep out the unpleasant hours, which the Fates have de-  
 tinned to me.

Fond Fool! Do it thou not know, that Honour is like a Bubble, & the greatest Prince, and Statef-man in the word, that hath his Golden Hangings, and gilded Coaches to flutter up and down in, will pay dear enough for them one day: for if he apostatize from the Truth, & lose the Tem of Eternity, he will surely perish in his Bed of Down, and the greatest Doctors with their pearled Cordials cannot save him; for he that perisheth for want of Christ, perisheth with a Witness. Which may allude to a Meraphor, derived from a Tryal, where 12 Apostles, 4 Patriarchs, 4 Prophets and Evangelists, in all 24 these were of the Jury; Mercy and Justice sat that day; and it is well for some that Mercy sits every day, he waits and pleads too for the worst of sinners, however take heed of abusing it: The persons called to the Barre, were Mr. *Willful*, and Mr. *Careless*, Monsieur *Aulymoade de France*, and Mr. *Kill-Devil*; the Lady *Hoyden*, and Mrs. *Titile-Tattle*; Mr. *Never-come-over*, and Mrs. *Never-give-over*; the Lord *Never-be-good*, and the Lady *Christless* were in great danger. Money-bag the Usurer, Alderman Chink, Mr. *Starve-many*, Mr. *Cheat-many*, are to receive a Tryal. Col. *Get-all*, Captain *Fairs-well*, and *Now-we-will-be-quiet*, are to be arraigned. But Mrs. *Never-repent*, Mrs. *Silver-Ruff*, Mrs. *Kant-abone*, Mrs. *Butter-fly*; the Lord *Lye-a-bed*, and Mr. *Sack-pot*, are convicted: their chief pleasure was in Transitory Delights; but the Lord abhors all such in their present courses.

But



But the jury being called, and the Malefactors at the Bar, Solomon made a great speech; the sum and substance was, *Vanity of Vanities, all*

33 Consider therefore, that a living Christ, is precious in a dying hour: for the Devils go a Car-baring (when they get a rich person: if a poor man be damned, the Devil is very glad; but if a Dives be, the Devils cry one to another, make haste, make haste, great Orlando is coming, great Orlando is coming: and truly, when your great ungodly Lords and Ladies come near to their Confines, the Devils run and tumble; yea, they scramble for a wanton, young and filken Fool.



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